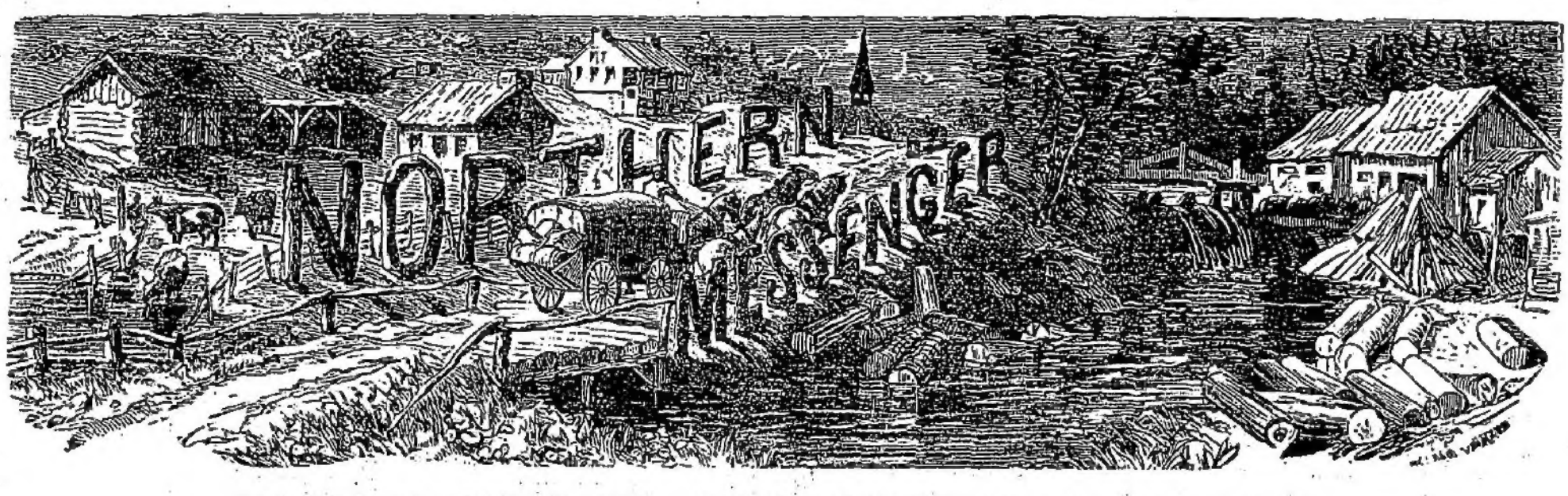

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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BUDDHISM.

The religion of Siam is Buddhism and the temples in that country are said to be the most magnificent in all India. Buddhism was in its origin an essentially moral system, its object being to teach men how to attain a pure and holy life. Hence it did not so much destroy other religions with which it came in contact as engraft itself on them. The ritual or worship is extremely simple, consisting in offering flowers and perfume, the repeating of sacred formulas and the singing of hymns. The temples contain only an image of Buddha and a *Dagoba* or shrine containing his relics There are no priests or clergy, properly so called, but only an order of monks who have given themselves up to a life of sanctity and who are generally very numerous. The highest hope of the Buddhist is that by the practice of six transcendent perfections—alms, morals, science, energy, patience, charity—a man may hope to arrive at the state of *nirvana*—repose or annihilation.

RUINED TEMPLE AND IDOL OF BUDDHA AT AYUDIA, THE OLD CAPITAL OF SIAM.

"MAMMY! MAMMY!"

For the rich to be charitable to the poor is a good thing, no doubt. Yet there is little real merit in the giving if it entails no personal sacrifice. When the poor widow gives her mite, or the rich woman her time, there is the true spirit of loving one's neighbor. Thank Heaven that stories of real sacrifice do come, now and then; since otherwise our faith in human nature might be overthrown by the selfishness so apparent in general society.

A millionnaire might have given thousands from his abundance, and yet have given less than did the widow of an artist, whose helpful deed happened to come to our knowledge.

Her husband had been little known before his death, but he had painted some good pictures, and was full of high hopes and ambitions, when "death came tacitly and took him," ending thus his hopes and his dreams.

He left his widow with three children—of whom the eldest was eight years old—a few unsold pictures, and a life-insurance policy of trifling amount. If ever a woman seemed to have all she could do to keep her head above water, Adeline Sargent was that woman. She calculated her resources. She let part of the rooms in her tiny house. She cut off every unnecessary expense, and then found that it would take what seemed to her like most pinching economy to keep her little brood warmed and fed and clothed.

Yet it was to her, and no other, that one of her neighbors turned for help. He was an old man, who had been her lodger once, and he knew the tender heart to which he sent an appeal from his sick bed. His grandchild, his last tie to life, had been taken away from him, ill, and carried to the hospital connected with the workhouse. He could not go to see how she was—would Mrs. Sargent go for him? No such appeal could be made in vain to her.

She left her little girl of eight to take care of the two still younger mites, and off she hurried to the hospital. She found there the little one she went to see; but she found her with the smile she had worn in dying, frozen upon her lips, and needing nothing more of this world except a grave.

While Mrs. Sargent was lingering to arrange about the burial, a little girl *toddled* up to her, looked searchingly at her, and *cried*, "*Mammy, mammy!*"

A *cry of inquiry*, it seemed infinitely piteous, and then, after a long, baffled look in the lady's face, the child was turning away. One of the nurses saw her, and cried out, Come here, you tiresome thing!"

"Why mayn't she stay with me a little while?" Mrs. Sargent asked, putting out a detaining hand.

'*Oh!*" answered the nurse, "she's such a horrid, tiresome child. Why, her mother died a whole year ago, and she won't forget it, but keeps on pestering every new comer, to see if she can't find her 'mammy.'"

"She won't forget her!" The words stirred Mrs. Sargent's motherly heart to a very passion of pity. If only she could cheer the poor little waif, and make her feel that all kindness, all tenderness had not gone out of the world when her mother died!

"Will you lend her to me for a few days?" she asked.

The nurse stared.

"You'd be sick enough of your bargain," she said. "Why, that's the most troublesome child in the whole place; but if you are in earnest, I'll ask the matron."

It was quite an unusual request, the matron said, but there was no harm in it, that she saw; so she consented, and Mrs. Sargent went away, holding in her own the tiny hand that seemed somehow to be pulling at her motherly heart-strings.

Stopping to see her old lodger on the

way, and tell him as tenderly as she could of his loss, she took home her borrowed child.

Her three little ones gathered round the new comer. They were their mother's own children, and their hearts overflowed with kindness toward the stranger. One brought her her playthings, another thrust into her hands her own bit of bread, and the eldest, used to being little mother to the others, began lovingly to brush out the soft hair of the borrowed waif.

Did you ever notice how a pale plant, kept in a cellar all winter, thrives when it is taken out into the spring sunshine? So did poor little Mary revive, and grow bright in the love-warmth of the cheap, sunny, happy little home to which she had been brought, just for a few days.

Before the week was over, you would hardly have known her. She had actually learned to play. And then Mrs. Sargent began to ask herself if, indeed, she could carry back, into the cold and the darkness, this stray chicken she had sheltered under motherly wings. Could she keep her?

She thought that she had been economical before, but she saw, now, how she could be more so. And the little ones, who were her own, clung to this other little one who had been nobody's; and so it was that they all resolved to keep her, and it seemed to little Mary that she had really found her mother.

Surely, surely, on that day when our Lord shall reckon up His children, Adeline Sargent will hear a voice saying, "Inasmuch as thou didst it unto the least of these my little ones, thou didst it unto Me."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE OFFICERS' DEFEAT.

A party of gay young officers were walking up and down the Newbridge platform, waiting the arrival of the up-train to Dublin, where they were going to a ball.

As the train came up to the station, with the conservativeness of railway travellers, they looked into each first-class compartment to find one empty. At length they decided on a carriage in which a gentleman sat reading; it was such an ordinary occurrence to see a traveller reading, and they were so occupied with one another, laughing and talking together, that they did not at first notice the book he was intent upon; or had they seen it was the Bible, they would not have chosen him for a companion.

Soon after leaving the station they began to smoke; the one sitting next the gentleman saying, "I hope you don't object to smoking?" "Indeed I do." "Then so much the worse for you." At which sally they all laughed.

He said nothing for a time; then leaning over to the officer next him he inquired, "Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Shut your mouth," was the ready rejoinder. Quietly looking the officer in the face, he said, "If you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned." "Who asked you your opinion? don't be annoying us." "My not annoying you will not alter the fact; if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned."

"What business have you speaking to us? We don't want your cant." "Your not wanting my cant does not alter the fact; if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned." "Let us sit on him." "Your sitting on me will not alter the fact, if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned." "Shove him out of the window." "Your shoving me out of the window will not alter the fact; if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you'll be damned."

It was getting too hot for the young fellows, and the train coming to a station, they cried—"Let us get out of this into another carriage, and leave the old hypocrite to himself." He followed them to the door, and spoke aloud after them—"Your leaving the carriage does not alter the fact; if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll all be damned."

Some years passed; and this gentleman was travelling in England by the L. & N.W.R. At Chester, he went into the refreshment room, and while there, a military looking man came in. He looked at our friend once or twice, as if to make sure he was right, then stepping over to where he stood, said, "Pardon me! if I don't greatly err, we have met before. Do you recollect travelling in Ireland by the G.S. & W.R., and a party of young fellows getting into your compartment at Newbridge?" "Perfectly."

"Well, I am one of that party, and the one who sat next you, to whom you addressed your question. I was thoughtless and worldly then, and we were all engrossed with the gaiety of the scene we were going to that night. But your sole answer to our many insults, 'If you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned,' lodged in my heart. I went with the rest, and dressed for the ball; but I could hardly see to attire myself properly, your words swam before my eyes.

"I attended the ball, but could enjoy nothing; for every voice seemed to re-echo your sentence. I could endure it no longer, I pleaded indisposition, and withdrew. How I cried for mercy! and, thank God, I saw that if the terrible negative was awfully true, the grand positive, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' (Acts xvi 31), was none the less happily so. And like the Philippian gaoler, I 'rejoiced, believing in God.'"—*Christian.*

CHARLIE'S TALK.

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

"Charlie Quon" is a Chinese boy, about twenty-three years old. But he is a Christian Chinese.

He has been in this country about six years; and he has been living in the South—in Montgomery, Alabama; and was confirmed there by Bishop Wilmer;—having been instructed with faithful care and kindness by the wife of the Rev. Dr. Stringfellow. This lady is greatly interested in the conversion of the Chinese, and is an earnest laborer in that cause.

Mrs. Stringfellow says that "Charlie" received his very first ideas of Christianity from an uncle, who was converted in London, Eng., and having returned to his native land, was a colporteur of Chinese tracts and Testaments for some years.

Having learned the blessed truth of the One only true God, and His Son, our Saviour, Charlie wished to go and tell that glad tidings to his own people in China. It was not the impulse of a moment. Mrs. Stringfellow tells me that Charlie has been, since his conversion, "a devout, consistent communicant."

Furnished with letters by Dr. Stringfellow, he came to New York, where he now is, making preparations to go to China and begin his studies.

Yesterday he visited our Chinese Sunday-school at Calvary chapel, and, by request of the clergyman, addressed the boys in their native language.

It was interesting to notice the earnest look and manner—the eager, almost pleading tone which he used—as if urging the boys to accept that good part which had already made him so happy.

When school was over, I asked one of the boys who had listened attentively, what Charlie had said.

He replied in his broken English, "He say everybody love Jesus Christ. Melican people and Chinese people, all, Jesus Christ! Chinese gods not God!"

It was very touching. And I cannot doubt that some among those who listened to that appeal from one of their own people, will be moved to seek earnestly that Jesus Christ and His religion.

Charlie Quon will start for China in a few weeks, and I'm sure that many sincere prayers will go up for him, that he may be led by the wisdom of God, and may become a true and faithful missionary among his people.

I have told this little bit of one life story, for the encouragement of those faithful women who are laboring among these Chinese "boys." Let none lose hope, though the way at times seems dark and doubtful. It is the work which God hath set before us. His grace and His wisdom and His humility, as set forth for our example in the person of that first great missionary among the people, must guide and control all our efforts. And every thought of self (that strongest hinderance to a woman's work), must be crushed down by the pure desire of saving, if may be, one soul for Jesus.—*Churchman.*

WISELY BUT EARNESTLY seek to discover where your pupils stand as to the great question of following or not following Christ.

LESSON CALENDAR.

THIRD QUARTER, 1887.

6. Aug. 7.—Jesus in Galilee. Matt. 4:17-25.
7. Aug. 14.—The Beatitudes. Matt. 5:1-16.
8. Aug. 21.—Jesus and the Law. Matt. 5:17-26.
9. Aug. 28.—Piety Without Display. Matt. 6:1-15.
10. Sept. 4.—Trust in our Heavenly Father. Matt. 6:24-34.
11. Sept. 11.—Golden Precepts. Matt. 7:1-12.
12. Sept. 18.—Solemn Warning. Matt. 7:13-20.
13. Sept. 25.—Review, Temperance. Rom. 13:8-14. Missions. Matt. 4:12-16.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(*From International Question Book.*)

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 14.

THE BEATITUDES.—MATT. 5:1-16.

COMMIT VERSES 3-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.—John 1:17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The laws of the kingdom of heaven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 5:1-16.
T. Luke 6:12-26.
W. Ex. 20:1-21.
Th. Ps. 19:1-14.
F. Acts 2:37-47.
Sa. Gal. 5:16-26.
Su. Rev. 21:18-27.

TIME.—Summer of A.D. 28.

PLACE.—The Mount of Beatitudes, or the horns of Hattin; a hill sixty feet high with two tops, two or three miles west of the Sea of Galilee.

INTRODUCTION.—Jesus went up into this mountain and prayed all night (Luke 6:12); then, coming down on to the lower level, he chooses his twelve disciples. The multitudes gather to hear him; and he goes a little way up the hill with his disciples, so as to see and be seen of the multitude, and there preaches this wonderful sermon, giving the laws and principles of his kingdom.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. WAS SET—Jewish teachers always sat when they taught. HIS DISCIPLES CAME—they came nearest; the rest were farther away, but within hearing. 3. POOR IN SPIRIT—feeling one's needs and ignorance; the opposite of pride, self-conceit, and self-righteousness. 4. THAT MOURN—(1) those who are sorry for their sins, (2) those who as Christians bear suffering and trouble. COMFORTED—good shall come from it, salvation and blessedness. 5. MEEK—the mild and gentle, living so that love rules over hate and passion. INHERIT THE EARTH—enjoy its blessings, get more out of the world than the proud and revengeful. 8. SHALL SEE GOD—only those who are pure, as God is pure, can know what God is or feel as he does. 9. CHILDREN OF GOD—because they are like God, who is ever making men at peace with self, with one another, and with God. 10. FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE—not for opinion or bad conduct. Such suffer and are not blessed. 11. REVILE—abuse you to your face by vile words. FALSELY—the evil must not be true; and it must be "for My sake," not your own, would you be blessed. 13. YE ARE THE SALT—that which preserves from decay, gives taste and value to food. LOST HIS SAVOR—its saltness; the real salt all gone, only the appearance left. 14. LIGHT OF THE WORLD—shining, bright, warming, cheering, revealing the truth, giving life,—but a reflected light. 15. CANDLE—lamp. BUSHEL—a common wooden measure, holding about a peck. CANDLESTICK—lamp-stand. 16. GLORIFY YOUR FATHER—because He is the Author of them.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION (vs. 1, 2).—Give the time and place when this sermon was preached? To whom was it preached? (v. 1, Luke 6:17.) What had Jesus done just before? (Luke 6:13-16.) How did Jesus prepare for this teaching? (Luke 6:12) Why are these eight sayings called beatitudes? Do you know them by heart?

How do you harmonize Luke 6:17 with vs. 1 and 2? What is the general character of the Sermon on the Mount? Can you give its subject? Its plan? State the contrast between the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes? Between Mount Sinai and this mountain?

SUBJECT: THE CHARACTER AND WORKS OF TRUE DISCIPLES.

I. FIRST BEATITUDE (v. 3).—What is it to be poor in spirit? (Matt. 18:3.) What is the kingdom of heaven? How does feeling poor in spirit lead to that kingdom? Is it the same with the kingdom of knowledge?

II. SECOND BEATITUDE (v. 4).—What mourning is here spoken of? (Luke 18:13; Heb. 12:5.) How will they be comforted? (Isa. 54:6, 7; Rom. 8:28.) Can the sorrowful who do not love Jesus be so comforted?

III. THIRD BEATITUDE (v. 5).—Meaning of meek? Why do they, more than others, inherit the earth?

IV. FOURTH BEATITUDE (v. 6).—What is expressed by hunger and thirst here? Why is righteousness the best thing to hunger for? Can we become good without such strong desire?

V. FIFTH BEATITUDE (v. 7).—Who are merciful? Why do they, more than others, obtain mercy?

VI. SIXTH BEATITUDE (v. 8).—What is it to be pure in heart? Why is this best of all? Why can they only see God? What becomes of the impure? (Rev. 21:27.)

VII. SEVENTH BEATITUDE (v. 9).—Meaning of peacemakers? Why are they especially the children of God?

VIII. EIGHTH BEATITUDE (vs. 10-12).—How can it be blessed to be persecuted? Why do such inherit the kingdom of heaven? Why is the emphasis on "falsely," and "for my sake"?

IX. THE SALT OF THE EARTH (v. 13).—What does salt do for food? How do Christians preserve the world from destruction? What is salt without savor? Who are like this? What becomes of them?

X. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD (vs. 14-16).—In how many respects are Christians like lights? What is it to let it shine? Make this agree with Matt. 6:1. How is our light hid? How can our good deeds glorify God?

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 21.

JESUS AND THE LAW.—MATT. 5:17-26.

COMMIT VERSES 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.—Matt. 5:17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ fulfils the Bible and the moral law.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 5:17-30.
T. John 1:6-18.
W. Col. 2:6-10.
Th. 1 Cor. 3:9-23.
F. Jas. 1:17-27.
Sa. 1 John 3:1-18.
Su. 2 Cor. 5:11-21.

INTRODUCTION.—In to-day's lesson Jesus continues his "Sermon on the Mount," explaining still more what his new kingdom is, and its principles. The people said he was destroying the law of Moses. He says, "No, I am only filling it full of a better spirit, and leading men to obey it more perfectly." Then they said he was doing away with religion, because he broke up their formal religion. "No," he says, "I am giving you more religion, and better."

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

17. NOT TO DESTROY—Christ came not to find fault, to do away with what was gone by. He did not deny the Old Testament. THE LAW, THE PROPHETS—the faith and practice taught by Moses and the prophets. BUT TO FULFIL—to give them their true meaning, to work out the results they were made for. He fulfilled the sacrifices on the cross. He fulfilled the passover in the Lord's Supper. He fulfilled the temple in the church. He fulfilled the moral law by putting in men the heart that loved to obey it. 18. ONE JOT—the Greek letter *i*. TITTLE—a little mark on some of the Hebrew letters. They mean the "smallest particle." 19. BREAK—disobey, relax. LEAST COMMANDMENTS—in thoughts, desires, words, that do not seem so important at first. LEAST IN THE KINGDOM—not shut out, if a true Christian, but be low and less useful. 20. SCRIBES—writers; those who copied and studied the law, and were familiar with it. 21. DANGER OF THE JUDGMENT—trial and condemnation in their courts appointed to try murder cases. 22. RACA—a worthless person, one despised. COUNCIL—the Sanhedrim, of 72 members; the highest Jewish court. THOU FOOL—not "devoid of sense," but a "vile apostate," "impious wretch." HELL-FIRE—Gehenna fires, in the valley of Hinnom, where the refuse of the temple and corpses of criminals were burned; a type of God's punishment. 23. THY GIFT—offerings prescribed by law. ALTAR—at the temple, equivalent to go to worship, go to church or Sabbath-school. BROTHER AUGHT AGAINST THEE—some wrong you have done and not righted. 24. LEAVE THY GIFT—no true worship while you have wrongs unsettled.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Of what sermon is to-day's lesson a part? When and where was it preached? Of what kingdom does this sermon give the laws and principles? Of what did the Pharisees accuse Jesus? (See Introduction.)

SUBJECT: CHRIST THE FULFILLER.

I. HE FULFILS THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS (vs. 17, 18).—What is meant by the law? By the prophets? Why did the Pharisees think Jesus came to destroy them? (See illustration in Mark 2:24; John 5:16, 18.) What did Jesus come to do with them? How perfectly must the Old Testament be fulfilled? What is a "jot"? A "tittle"? How did Christ fulfil the passover? (Matt. 26:26-28.) The sacrifices? (Heb. 10:10-12.) The temple? (Eph. 2:21, 22.) The kingdom of the Jews? (Dan. 7:27.) How did Jesus fulfil the prophets? (Luke 24:25, 26; John 1:45.)

How do most men try to reform the world? Is it easy to find fault and pull down? Why will not this reform a person or a nation? What more is necessary to all true reform? (2 Pet. 1:5-8.) Is a bad man reformed by merely breaking off his bad habits? What more does he need? (John 3:3.) Show that Christ was a true reformer. How did he fulfil nature? Our human nature? Life? Apply this principle to the Sabbath, Fast Day, Thanksgiving Day.

II. HE FULFILS RIGHTEOUSNESS (vs. 19, 20).—Who are least in the kingdom of heaven? What is a "least commandment"? Why is it worse to teach wrong than merely to do wrong? What two things must we do to be great in the kingdom of heaven? How do these make men great? Who were the scribes? Who the Pharisees? What kind of righteousness had they? (Matt. 23:4-6, 25, 28.) Why cannot such enter heaven? (Rev. 21:27.) What more is needed? (John 3:3.) How does Christ fulfil the moral law? Does he enable us to keep the law better than we could without him? What new spirit does he put into all good works? (Matt. 22:37-39; Rom. 13:10; Gal. 5:14.)

III. ILLUSTRATED BY AN EXAMPLE (vs. 21-26).—What was said to those of old time? What part of this is in the Bible? (Ex. 20:13.) What had the Jews added? What was the penalty for murder? How did Christ show the spirit of this commandment? (v. 22; 1 John 3:15.) Show how anger is the root of murder. What is the meaning of "Raca"? "Thou fool"? What is meant by "the judgment"? "The council"? "Hell-fire"? In what way and place did the Jews worship? What does the gift and altar correspond to in our worship? What must we do before we can worship acceptably? (1 John 4:20.) Does true religion always lead us to be reconciled to our fellowmen? Why do we need to be reconciled to God? How may we be reconciled to him? (2 Cor. 5:18, 19.) What will be the result if we do not?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EASY DISCIPLINE FOR CHILDREN.

As a people we are inclined to make work out of play. In *Good Housekeeping* Clarissa Potter has something to say about "making play of work." She says:

"Did you ever hit on this way to get a cluttered sitting-room put to rights by the very little folks who have brought about in it chaos itself? The children think it great fun to overturn chairs and hang rugs on them for tent doors; to strew the carpet with playthings and snippings of paper; to drop books, picture cards, building blocks, and dolly and her wardrobe, just where the newest tack of their latest play left them; but it is not always fun, either for you or them, to get all this litter and clutter picked up and cleared away.

"*Of late we have made a little game of* such work by giving each child so many breadths of the carpet, and all that might be upon them, to put in perfect order. There are five breadths in our sitting-room carpet, and at such a 'corner' in the dis orderly state of the room, I give two breadths—not consecutive lengths—to each of the two older children, and the fifth breadth to the little three-years old, choosing for her the strip of carpet that has the least litter upon it. When little children have keen interest in such work, it is surprising how swiftly and deftly they will straighten rugs, fold papers, pick up shreds and litter, and pack away playthings.

"From end to end of their carpet breadths our small people go—setting back chairs, making neat piles of the scattered books and papers that clutter the tables and shelves, winding the straggling threads in mamma's spool and yarn baskets if they chance to be on their territory, winging the hearth, and patting up, plump and smooth chair and lounge pillows, till even mamma's sharp eyes cannot see a ravelling to pick or one more paper to fold. She can quietly go on with her sewing or mending all through a long afternoon while her room is alternately being put in, and then put out of order, only she must be wise enough to plan that the former comes last on the programme before their supper or bed-time hour comes.

"The children are so quick to notice and herald each other's oversights and any slovenliness in this play-work of clearing sections of the room, that I have little need to call their attention to any article or scrap left out of place. Even the baby will trot across the room to reprovingly point to a wrinkled rug or an overlooked toy on a strip of her little sister's territory, and gravely say: 'See there!' If a chair or table, with its tumbled heap of books or papers, stands on two carpet breadths, the exacting little landholders require each other to put to rights just such a part as stands on their division of territory, and the chair, basket, or stand, I have seen the little tots good naturedly lug away together."

With a little ingenuity children can soon be taught to "pick up" their toys, and to put back the articles they have displaced.

THE CHAMBER OF PEACE.

This pretty phrase always brings to mind the thought of the Pilgrim's Progress and the blessed chamber in which the Pilgrim rested from the fatigues of his journey. The thought of it was brought to mind not long ago by a friend's random remark.

She had moved into a new home, which possessed greater capacity and ampler rooms than her former one. Always hospitable, she decided in the new house to have one room set apart for friends who needed a few days' rest; not merely for invited kindred and guests but for those to whom it would be a real boon to tarry a little while beneath her pleasant roof. So, one by one, these friends come, arriving with shawl-strap or satchel, and remaining now over a Sabbath-day, or staying for a week, if it suited their convenience. Now it is a toiling Bible reader, going from house to house among the poor, now a lay sister whose self-elected work for Christ is in the hospital which gathers little children into its loving shelter Again, it is an elderly lady, over whose spirit in her declining years has come the restlessness which makes her weary of the home monotony and eager as a child for a little break or change. Whoever comes is ushered into the Chamber of Peace and treated as an angel, with the most winsome, cordial and beautiful grace of affection. Made at home, but not made to feel that she is giving any trouble, my friend's Chamber of Peace is to many a wayfarer an anteroom of heaven.

The suggestion is worth passing on. Often we sigh because we have so few opportunities of doing anything worth much for the Master. But are we availing ourselves of the little opportunities right in our path?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

HOME EDUCATION.

Young mothers who now read the *Herald of Health* are for the greater part what is known as well educated, in comparison with their mothers. *Nearly all have "graduated,"* "been finished," or in some way have signified to their friends and admirers that school study was at an end. The *courses of study may have differed somewhat*, but the greater number of girls have "been through" the various steps of mathematics, perhaps as far as trigonometry; *have studied rhetoric, perhaps logic, several* languages, dead and living, music and drawing. How many of them make use of these advantages practically? I believe that, though they run *through the transparent* mind of a thoughtless girl like gravy soup through a strainer, the strong flavor remains, to attest that something has been there. But *that is not the question at* present. May not a much greater percentage of our bright and thoughtful girls make practical use of their various acquirements in their own *families, imparting them to* their own children? It is nothing to the disadvantage of schools, to say that the mother-teaching is far superior to every system. The *advantage to both teacher* and taught is immeasurable. The deeper acquaintance and different view of the child which may be gained by the mother, may make possible avoidance *of grave errors in* after-training. The added respect for the parent's superior knowledge remains, like other first impressions, when contact with the world has tarnished the *brightness of* every attainment in knowledge. Home teaching in manners, morals, and school knowledge, is the foundation of good, faithful, intelligent *lives. It is poor economy* to begrudge the time, and put it into "care about many things" of *less importance.* Particularly is it a great waste to let go to grass and weeds the *field of one's own* mind, which has taken so many years to cultivate.—*Herald of Health.*

CAKE MAKING.

On visiting a friend once whose table held some of the most delicious cake, I ventured to inquire how it was made.

"Oh," she said, laughing, "I take a grab of this and a grab of that."

I did not doubt the truth of her statement, yet at the same time I know it must take a world of experince to put materials together by guess work and have them come out from the oven in such a delicate, appetizing form. To be sure if one has access to a jar of cream, it is not very difficult for an experienced person to make a nice molasses or sugar cream cake by simple guess work, but for one who has not this luxury at hand, I consider it an unusual accomplishment to put materials together in a satisfactory manner without a receipt.

This lady had kept house many years, (doing her own work) and entertained a great deal of company, and consequently had the benefit of very much practice. She seemed to me a model housekeeper in every way, though to be sure she had only herself and husband, and no children to care for. Let a friend call for her to go shopping she seemed always ready, and also ready to invite that friend to dinner on their return. If an excuse should be offered in reply that it might cause her too much trouble, she would say, "Oh, no, I have my dinner planned, and it will take me only twenty minutes to get it," and certainly a most tempting dinner would be on the table in very nearly that time. The secret of this was, she always prepared her vegetables in the morning immediately after doing up the work, and having everything else ready, the cooking of each took very *little time.* Of course to get a dinner in that time we could not expect roast meats unless they were cold, but in their place something either broiled or fried. She had the *happy faculty of* making every step count, a most important part of housekeeping, as every one who has had experience in that line very well knows; indeed I think this one of the greatest secrets of success.

Now for the benefit of amateur housekeepers who are not able to make delicious cake with a grab of this and a grab of that, and who at the same time wish to economize, I will refer to another woman who had invited guests to tea, and upon the table were three kinds of very nice cake. When one of the company asked for some of her receipts, she said:

"I make them all from one receipt."

She had chocolate cake, cocoanut cake and plain cake, and here is the simple receipt which answered for either layer or plain cake; and while not too expensive for everyday, is still nice enough to place upon the table for guests at any time:

Take one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-third or two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two teaspoons of *baking* powder, one and one-half cups of flour, and one egg. Sift the baking powder with the flour, flavor to taste.

As very much depends on the baking, be sure and not bake too fast at first. It is a good plan to set a dish of water in the oven at the same time you put the cake in, which prevents browning too much, and gives the crust a much better appearance.—*Christian at Work.*

UNCLE JOHN'S PUDDING.

No one ever complains. No one ever says, "How I wish we had something good to eat." But yesterday one said, "What a delicious rice pudding you used to make and send Uncle John on his birthdays, and how glad the dear old man was. And we were always treated to the same, that was the best of it."

The hint was so modest and given in such a pretty way that it wasn't fault-finding nor complaining at all. So to-day we made one for dinner after the fashion of the 'Uncle John kind,' and the surprise and pleasure manifested more than paid us for all the extra trouble, made this way: Three pints of new unskimmed milk, two eggs, good pinch of salt, teacup of raisins, two teacups of rice that had been cooked in the steamer, and sugar to make it sweet enough to the taste. The custard was made first and then the rice was stirred in. Made in a large brown earthen bowl and baked in it. Just before it went into the oven we dropped over the top a few lumps of butter. Baked three-fourths of an hour. When taken out we stirred it with a silver fork. This brought up the raisins that settled to the bottom, and mixed in the butter on top Good either hot or cold. When taken out in dessert dishes we grate a flavoring of nutmeg over it.—*Rosella Rice.*

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

One Sunday evening I was staying at home with a little maiden of some six or seven years, and as we sat cosily over the fire, I began to tell her some of the Old Testament stories; then I talked about Jesus, and, looking into her fair little face, I said, "Mamma tells you about Him, does she not, darling?" She answered quickly, "No, she has no time to tell me."

I thought of other busy mothers, and wondered if they too had "no time" to tell of Jesus. Dear, busy mothers! do the little garments take so much making, and the little mouths so much feeding, that you have "no time" to let the children nestle round you and tell them about Jesus? Talk to them while they are young—make time to do it. Then, when they grow older, there will not be that painful reserve between you and your grown-up sons and daughters in everything touching their spiritual life; but, better still, I believe you will have the joy of leading your little children to the Saviour.—*A. E. M.*

MILK *vs.* TEA.—Wherever milk is used plentifully there the children grow into robust men and women. Wherever its place is usurped by tea we have degeneracy swift and certain. Dr. Ferguson, a factory surgeon, who has devoted a large share of attention to this subject, has ascertained, from careful measurements of numerous factory children, that, between thirteen and fourteen years of age, they grow nearly four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper as on tea and coffee—a fact which shows the benefits of proper diet. No diet is so suitable for growing children as well-cooked oatmeal porridge and milk, long the staple food in Scotch families, but now, in many instances, abandoned for diet very much inferior. Owing to its easy digestibility, it is of equal benefit to invalids, and more especially dyspeptics, who often regain health and pick up flesh at a wonderfully rapid rate on milk, or milk and good bread. —*Chambers's Journal.*

BURN THE GARBAGE.—It takes about six hours each night to reduce to ashes the garbage gathered from the streets of Montreal. This wise disposition of a most fruitful cause of disease commends itself thoroughly to the authorities of every populous city. The plan of dumping the stuff at sea is a relic of barbarism which should long ago have disappeared. For years it has lessened the attractions of bathing on the Long Island coast, and if the truth were known, has been the means of ending many a useful career. The Montreal authorities appear to have adopted the burning system with the view of lessening the cases of typhoid fever in their city. In September last the Montreal hospital was full of fever patients, and the typhoid cases represented sixty-two percent of the whole. It is said that in New York fully 20,000 families burn their garbage.—*Herald of Health.*

USEFUL RAGS.—A little box tacked upon the wall in some inconspicuous place near the kitchen stove, and filled with bits of clean cloths, will often be found a convenience. When one wants to scour a chance spot off of some kitchen utensil after the scouring board has been put away, a little rag dampened and dipped into ashes will often do quite as well. And then that disagreeable ring of grease inside the dish pan can be cleaned away without contact with the hands by using a tiny bit of cloth. Little spots upon the floor or table, that come while preparing or cooking food, could be quickly removed without wetting a large cleaning cloth which must be washed out and dried after use. In fact, small scraps may often be put to better use than when sold to the rag-man.

VEGETARIAN SOUP.—The following is the recipe of the soup used in the "vegetarian penny dinners" established at Gateshead-upon-Tyne last winter. To make one gallon: Take half a pound of whole wheat and half a pound of lentils, and boil furiously for two hours. Then add one pound of potatoes (mashed), one pound of mixed vegetables—e.g., turnips, parsnips, carrots, onions, etc.—and half a pound of mixed fruit (apples, plums, etc.) The potatoes should be first boiled in their skins and then mashed; the vegetables and fruit should be chopped small or grated. Boil for another hour and stir well. Flavor to taste with butter, sweet herbs, and spices.—*A. F. Hills, in Sanitary Record.*

HEARTH RUG.—A neat and useful gift easily made. Take a coffee-sack and pull every fourth thread each way—making small squares resembling Java canvas. When done, line it with a piece of the same and put it in a frame to hold it straight. Cut rags as for carpet and fill in each square with the stitch used in working Java canvas. Work a wide bright border and bind with red.

PUZZLES.

My first is to injure.
My second is a line.
My third is plump.
My whole *is* a vegetable very rich and sweet.

PREFIX LETTERS.

1. What letter prefixed to petition will make it hard work?
2. What letter prefixed to a boy will clothe him?
3. What letter prefixed to an insect will bring it to need?
4. What letter prefixed to a part of the body will take away the cold?

A man who wished to carry a fox, a goose, and a peck of corn over a river, but could take only one at a time. If he took the corn the fox would eat the goose; if he took the fox, the goose would eat the corn, bow could he get them all across.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

CHARACTER HINTS.—1. Wolsey, Richelieu, Mazarin. 2. Martin Luther. 3. Shakespeare.

MISSING MOUNTAINS.—1. Pyrenees. 2. Apennines.

The Family Circle.

WHY WILL YE DIE?

A great Rock stands in a weary land
And its shadows fall on the parched sand,
And it calls to the travellers passing by
"I will shelter thee here continually."
Then why will ye die?
O! why will ye die?
When the Sheltering Rock is standing by?
O why! O why will ye die!

A great Well lies in a weary land,
And its waters call over life's rough strand,
"That the great well is deep, with waters ripe,
Springing up into Everlasting Life."
Then why will ye die?
Oh! why will ye die?
When the great, deep Well is standing by?
O why! O why will ye die!

A wide Fold stands in a weary land,
And the sheep are called on every hand;
And the Shepherd no wanderer turns away,
But He changes his darkness into day.
Then why will ye die?
Oh! why will ye die?
When the great, wide Fold is standing by?
Oh why! O why will ye die!

A rough Cross stands near a city wall,
Where the Saviour dies out of love for all;
Where the angels still tell the message blest,
That the way is now plain to endless rest!
Then why will ye die?
O! why will ye die?
When the Blood-stained Cross is standing by?
O why! O why will ye die!

—*London Freeman.*

A TERRIBLE FIRE OR WHAT MY LAST CIGAR COST.

BY M. H. JAQUITH.

My first cigar cost me a terrific sick-headache. The boys all said it would, but as I was an extraordinary boy, in my own opinion, I hoped there would be some interposition in my behalf so I would not suffer as they had; but it did not seem to me that there was any special let-up in my case when I tried it. However, as my mother had often told me, "it required courage and persistent effort to be manly," I supposed it needed the same virtues to be manlike, so I kept on, and at twenty was a confirmed smoker, as shaky and more nervous than my grandfather.

When I was twenty-three I married, and acting on the advice of my doctor, who told me if I kept books and smoked another year my bride would be a widow, we took our little all and started for the far West, where a friend of mine had gone some years before. I took a claim of one hundred and sixty acres ten miles from town; it was timbered and watered, and I proposed to make a stock-farm of it. My health was recovered; I could work early and late. Bessie was a true wife and helpmeet, and the baby, just beginning to talk at the time of my last cigar, was the light and joy of our home.

We had then been West three years. I had forty acres in corn, twenty in wheat, thirty head of cattle, and quite a stock of swine. Our little house was home-like and full of pretty things, while the log-cabin of our first year was a corn-crib, full of corn.

When I told Bessie what the doctor said, in answer to my question if she could leave father, mother, and friends and go with me to found a humble home in the far West, she had answered,

"Yes, George, I will go anywhere with you and do anything for your good, if you will leave off smoking here now, and for ever.

It was a sacred pledge to her, but I meanly evaded it by promising, "Bessie, I will never spend another cent for cigars."

It was a contemptible subterfuge, the old trick that is begotten by smoking, drinking, or any other ruling passion to evade the giving it up entirely. So during those three years when I went to town I often smoked if invited to, and to Bessie's remonstrances I would give the plea, "I only promised not to spend a cent."

One autumn day, after a wet summer and a long dry spell of weather, we needed to go to town. We had to cross a high prairie six miles in extent, unbroken by fence, stream, or tree, where the tall prairie-grass, never trodden by hoof of cattle, was as dry as tinder.

Sometime before I had taken the necessary precaution to protect my house by ploughing several furrows around it, and, leaving a strip of fifty feet or so, had ploughed again and burned off the inclosed circle. It was a merry party that bounced along towards town behind our gay ponies that sunny morning, even though we had no spring-seat in our lumber-waggon and had to soften the jolting by spreading thick comforts over the board we sat on and had the baby in the cradle as being still easier for her.

We made our purchases, took dinner with our friends owning the store, and at five o'clock had started back homeward due south from town, our waggon well laden with supplies, among them a gallon each of kerosene, vinegar, and molasses; there was also a water cask we generally took along for a drink if we chanced to want one when crossing the prairie, but, alas, there was little water in it now!

When we were well out of town Bessie said to me quietly, "You have been-smoking again, George."

"Yes," I answered tartly, "but it didn't cost me a cent." The fact was, the unusual smoking had made me wretchedly nervous, and, feeling at fault, I wanted to blame somebody else, so I added after a little, "I can't be in leading-strings all my life."

Bessie said never a word, but her evident grief vexed me still more; she busied herself with the baby, who was tired and fretful, and soon put her in the cradle behind us. While she was back there rocking the baby some spirit of evil tempted me to light another cigar that I had in my pocket, and when Bessie sat again beside me with her face turned the other way that she might jog the cradle, I was still puffing away at that terrible cigar.

I hoped she would say something, for I had a very mean reply in my mind to make her, but she did not, and when half through I tossed it overboard, saying contemptuously, "There goes the last one, for now, and it didn't cost me a cent either!"

I was a little startled to see the smoke curl lazily up from where it fell in the dry grass, but we soon passed over a little rise out of sight and I thought no more about it. Annie was sound asleep and Bessie faced around. After a time of silence she said, as if in meditation, "Our honor is the dearest price we can pay for anything."

My conscience smote me. I seemed to see a vision of a happy young girl leaving all she loved for my sake, and I had betrayed her trust in me time and again for a cigar. But I had not the manliness to own to these accusing thoughts and ask for forgiveness, but drove the ponies on while every breath of the soft south wind in our faces seemed to whisper, "You are a perjured liar and coward."

Busy in thought, I had forgoten that Bessie was by me. We were but four miles from home when, in a moment, the wind swept round to the north and chilled us. I stopped the horses, lifted the cradle over to the front of us, covered her, wrapped Bessie in a comfort, and was just starting on when there came a loud noise like thunder, not a crash, but a dead, heavy roar far behind us.

"Is it a hurricane?" asked Bessie.

If it only had been! But I knew the sound too well. That long roll was the fire-call, and looking back we could soon see the lines of fire sweeping towards us faster than any horse ever ran.

"O George, it is a prairie fire! Light a back-fire or we shall be burned to death."

She took the lines, and the frightened horses, to whose instinct that fire meant death, swept on, while I vainly searched my pockets. I had used my last match to light the cigar that had started this dreadful fire!

"I haven't any, Bessie. God forgive me—will you forgive me?"

Oh, the supreme agony of that moment! I can never forget its glimpse of that hell which remorse can make in any guilty man's breast.

"Never mind; you didn't mean it, dear. We are very near death now. God forgive us both. But oh, my poor baby Annie, must she die too?"

With chills of horror that went over me while the hot sweat of agony streamed from my face, I saw that the fire was fast gaining on us. I was incapable of thought, but Bessie said,

"There is a chance for us, George. We can wet the comforts with the vinegar, water, and molasses, cut the traces, and let the horses go when we get in that patch of buffalo-grass on the next hill. We can lie down in the waggon and cover our faces with the comforts. Perhaps we shall not smother."

"O Bessie, can you forgive me?" I cried, as the horses galloped towards the place suggested.

"As I hope to be forgiven," she answered solemnly, and the earnest words of her reply years before, to which I had given such evasive promise, rose before me.

The frightened horses, as soon as cut loose, after one backward look as of pity on us, sped away, while we saturated the comforts, and, spreading one at the bottom of the waggon, covered ourselves with the others. Providentially, having taken a load of corn to town that morning, I had on the high side-boards which helped to break the flames.

The noise of the fire drowned every sound and the smoke was stifling. The air was full of flying cinders; the flames leaped high up, jumped over wide spaces of grass that the oncoming waves of fire speedily devoured. While crouching down awaiting the shock, confessing my guilt and penitence in words that could not be heard, Bessie suddenly darted from our covert and seizing the can of kerosene, that had been forgotten, hurled it far in front of us, and the tide of smoke and flame caught her before she was under the protecting comforts.

It seemed a lifetime to me while we were in that hell upon earth, the flames of which I myself had kindled. It was to my guilty soul like the day of judgment, and God's voice was thundering to me, "Thou didst it, thou art the man!"

At last the heat abated, the smoke cleared, and I thrust my head out in the blackness of darkness. Far ahead of us now were those rushing billows of flame: the sun at the right of us was as a ball of fire in the midst of the smoke; the freezing north wind was now only cool and grateful.

"O Bessie!" I groaned.

"Yes, George, I am alive," but her voice was as of one in a dream. She raised her hand to the cradle. I pulled the blanket off baby Annie; she did not move or stir. I hoped she was still sleeping.

"Annie, Annie!" I said, and lifted the limp little form.

Bessie roused quickly. "Baby Annie, baby, baby!" she cried. We chafed her limbs, we tried to breathe life into her, but in vain; our baby was dead.

It was a forlorn sight two panting horsemen saw ahead of them a half-hour after—a man crawling along with a dead baby in his arms, haunted by an accusing voice saying, "You did it!" while a white-faced woman beside him was saying gently, "Dear George, I love you best; I have you still; you did not mean to."

The fire had been seen from town. When the wind turned they feared it would overtake us, and had come, as it proved, to our assistance. They lifted us on their horses, and as the sun was setting we rode down the hill that overlooked our valley home, but there was no home there; only smoking ruins and the panting horses and cattle in the little creek close by were left to mark our former Eden.

For weeks Bessie hovered between life and death, and her health was permanently shattered; in throwing out the kerosene can she had taken so much heated air in her lungs, and the shock and terror affected her mind. I do not think she would ever have rallied except for my miserable sake; she wanted to live that I might not be her murderer also.

No more baby voices have ever since been heard in our lonely home, made far away from where everything was so painful a reminder of what my last cigar cost me.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

GIVING.

A good deal has been written respecting pecuniary contributions to the missionary cause, but there is reason to believe that the church has not yet attained to the true standard of giving. It strikes us that one tenth should be regarded as the minimum amount to be contributed, hence we agree with the writer who says that the "man who does not give one-seventh of his time and one-tenth of his income to the Lord, is not only a good deal less than a Christian, but also less than a Jew." Paul tells the Christians at Corinth that on the first day of the week they a e to lay by in store as God hath prospered them. If all, or even the majority, would act in this manner, the treasury of the church would always be replenished. It is not lack of means, but lack of a willing mind, that hinders. The church has money, brains, organizations, rivers of prayers, and oceans of sermons, but she lacks in power. This power is the *sine qua non* in missionary work

It has sometimes occurred to the writer, that native Christians in heathen lands often come nearer the Bible standard of giving than some in countries long since evangelized. Raiatea, in the Southern Pacific, was regarded as the very climax of darkness and degradation. The Gospel banner was unfurled, and king and people are now civilized and Christianized; and in May, 1882, a new church was dedicated, which cost $8,760, every cent of which was paid at the dedication. Bishop Sargent, in South India, tells of a man who contributed ten rupees ($5) to the funds of the church, and on being told that the amount was too large for him, he said, "Oh, sir, I am only giving back what God has given me."

Archdeacon Kirkby, among the Indians in Manitoba, tells of a man who gave a silver-fox skin as his gift. This was literally giving to God the best, as that is the most valuable fur in the country, and the skin thus presented sold for $12.50, probably about one-fourth of the poor man's winter's hunt.

It is stated that the contributions of the Japanese churches would have been equivalent here to $20 per member. Twelve of the sixteen, though of very recent formation, received no help from the missionary treasury (American Board) last year. The pastors have led their people in the practice of self-denial, some of them receiving, as salaries, only a fifth, or even a tenth, of what they can have if they will enter the government service. The same liberality is seen in Eastern and Western Turkey, although famine recently possessed the south-eastern portion of Asiatic Turkey. Ought not these, and like facts, shame some of us, who pride ourselves a little on giving three or four percent. of that abundant income which the Lord lends us? The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says: "I knew a lad in Christ once who adopted the principle of giving a tenth to God. When he won a money prize for an essay on a religious subject, he felt that he could not give less than one-fifth of it. He had never after that been able to deny himself the pleasure of having a fifth to give. God has wonderfully blessed that lad, and increased his means, and his enjoyment of the luxury of luxuries—the luxury of doing good." No doubt that lad was Mr. Spurgeon himself.

Would that every Christian who may read these lines would ask himself, "How much do I owe unto the Lord?" We want more close personal scrutiny on this matter. Too many contribute from impulse. We would have the question of duty settled between each Christian and the Saviour. He gave his life for us, what have we given for Him? A day of "Intercession for Missions" was observed in Glasgow. A stranger present at the meeting was so impressed with a sense of his past neglect, that he sent in an anonymous contribution of $10,000. Solemn reflection in this instance produced good results.—*The Missionary Outlook.*

ACCURACY, RAPIDITY, NEATNESS.—These three words, in their order, make the conditions of a written problem. Accuracy is the first condition and desideratum, rapidity the second, and neatness the third. Too many teachers sacrifice everything to accuracy, claiming that to be the sole object of performing the problem; forgetting, possibly, that rapidity and neatness are as much necessary means to that end as is a knowledge of the principle involved in the problem. A good plan—good, because we have tried it and found it to be good—is to have the pupils write at the top of their slates or papers, in large letters, these three words, and insist that the words shall meet the eye and dwell in the mind during the operation of a problem in arithmetic. If need be, the words may be written when each new problem is begun, the repetition of them serving to fix their meaning in the pupil's mind. When the problems are performed, the slates or papers may be exchanged, the best ones under the condition noted and shown to the class for emulation, copy and improvement.

BIRD LIFE.

THE CONDOR.

This is one of the largest of all birds He is called the condor, and belongs to the order *Raptores*, as the owls and eagles. If you would like to see some of these birds alive, you will have to take a trip with me to some of the most wild and mountainous parts of the earth. First, we can find them among the Andes in South America; and a good place it is for them, because some of the States and people of that country are seldom at peace with each other. When they are at war, and their slain horses are left upon the battlefield, these old condors will come from their mountain homes, hundreds of miles away, to eat them. They will surely be there the next day after a battle, and many persons have wondered how they could see or smell so far as to know there was such a feast there for them. Mr. Andubon proved that it was more their great power of vision than their sense of smell. He covered the carcases of some dead animals with a thin material, which did not prevent the air from taking up the smell, and no condor, vulture, or buzzard made his appearance; but, upon the cover being removed, birds from far beyond the greatest distance which the human eye can reach, came directly to the spot and made their feast.

Other observers have found that they have a system of sentinels on the lookout, the same as an army of men would send out scouts, which by certain signals would te l them where to find the enemy, or where they could find something good to eat. In the same way the condors and vultures tell one another until hundreds of them will come from great distances to obtain their food. Those upon the Andes are grand old fellows of a greyish-white color, their necks being bare of feathers, for quite a distance from their heads, and of a beautiful red, orange and purple color, very brilliant indeed. Now, if we want to find more of them, we must visit the Pyrenees, and Apennines, and the grand, old Alps in Europe, where there are legions of them, and then we must sail back home across the Atlantic. And here we find many more birds which belong to the same order, which I will tell you a little about before I commence talking of an entirely different kind. These may seem not especially interesting birds, but they are exceedingly useful. In most parts of the world there is a law which forbids people from killing them, because they eat up all the dead things which would certainly make some portions of the country very unhealthy and hardly fit to live in, were it not for their scavenger habits. Turkey-buzzards, which are very numerous South and West through our country, condors, vultures and crows, all belong to this scavenger class—and are very useful through the earth, as I have told you. The hawk also belongs to this order. Hawks, almost everybody likes to kill if they can, because they kill and destroy almost all the smaller birds, hens, chicks, and small, fourfooted animals. Some hawks never catch chickens, indeed—a good many of them do not—but they destroy thousands of mice, moles and other mean little animals, which do much harm on farms and in gardens. It is very wonderful how a hawk can see a little, wee animal from the sky, and, shutting his wings, come through the air like an arrow shot from an Indians bow. And he is able to calculate the distance so exactly that he just avoids dashing himself to pieces on the ground, while he snatches up mousie with the lightning speed with which he made his descent. Some large hawks capture their prey in the air while in full flight, picking up their victims with their sharp talons as though it were great sport for them. This kind are called falcons. Many of them have been tamed so as to do great service in hunting with their keepers. It used to be considered the finest of sport to hunt with them in the old feudal times. A grand sight it is to see the strong, quick-winged and graceful creatures, swoop down and capture their victims, almost in the twinkling of an eye.

Now can you, with me, see how God has formed some kinds of birds for one purpose, and some kind for another purpose giving to them all, forms, wings, feet, bills, legs, etc., exactly adapted to the habits of each species and nearly all of them a source of great good and benefit to mankind? —*Child Culture.*

THE SILVER DOVE.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

A silver dove, with a tiny spray in its mouth, on which, like a single dewdrop, glistened a diamond. It was the prettiest little lace pin in the world, and every time Christine looked at it she thought it prettier than ever. There was the mistake, on Christine's part, the looking so often. For, you see, the pin did not belong to Christine, but to the young lady who had come to spend the winter with Aunt Chara, that she might attend the Art School and go to the lectures. She hardly ever wore her pin —never, Christine fancied, except when she put on her black fichu; and that, the little girl thought, was only on Sundays.

All the week long, therefore, the silver dove, with the tiny spray in its mouth, and the shining gem of a dewdrop sparkling upon it, lay on the rose-colored cushion in Miss Mabel's room. Miss Mabel always left the door open when she went out, and the cozy white-curtained chamber seemed to beckon Christine whenever she passed it. Before she knew it, the child had fallen into the habit of tiptoeing softly across the floor, and lingering before the glass, admiring the beautiful pin.

One day she tried it on. Aunt Chara was making mince pies, Bridget was washing

THE CONDOR.

the parlor windows, the bird in the cage in Miss Mabel's room was singing cheerily. Did he sing, "I wouldn't, I wouldn't, if I were you," or did he only, as usual, sing, "The air is soft, and the sky is blue?" Christine blushed, and wished the bird would be still for a moment, as she fastened the silver dove into the frill of her white apron. His song sounded very much like, "I wouldn't, if I were you!"

"If it were only mine!" she thought, forgetful, poor little maiden, of God's commandment, "Thou shalt not covet."

Falling into a temptation is very much like sliding down hill. Once fairly started, you go faster and faster. With Christine it was first looking, then longing, then, I am sorry to say, borrowing.

Borrowing without the owner's consent is not very different from stealing. A good deal of stealing, indeed, begins in just that way. People "borrow" money which does not belong to them, and use it for themselves, intending to return it in good time. But something happens which makes them forget to return it, or they have spent it, and cannot get it back again; and by-and-by they find out, and everybody else finds out, what God saw all the time, that they are thieves. Never borrow anything without asking, is a good and safe rule.

She had been trying for at least a week to ask Miss Mabel openly to lend her the pin, but she never could summon the courage. All she wanted was just to wear it to school for one day, so that the girls might notice it. But she would probably have never ventured on the bold step of taking it without leave if Miss Mabel had not gone to spend the night with a friend, and if Lulu Penneyer's cousin from New York had not come to visit the school, wearing a diamond ring on her dimpled finger.

Nobody had ever told these little girls that diamonds are not suitable for every-day wearing, nor that they are much too old to be proper ornaments for children. Lulu Penneyer's cousin's diamond ring set the children fairly wild. She wore it on Tuesday, and on Wednesday it was that Christine Alden appeared with the silver dove in the frill of her apron.

She took off her hat and jacket in a leisurely way, hung up her lunch basket, and sat very demurely down beside her desk. But Maggie James, Elsie Clinton and Emily Spear had caught a glimpse of the pin, and they cried, "Oh! oh! how perfectly sweet!" And then all the other girls came too, and Christine was beset with compliments.

"Please, Christine, let me try it on," said her dearest friend, Rose Maitland.

"Aunt Chara wouldn't let me take it off," replied Christine, her conscience giving her a sharp prick at the words. Aunt Chara, who had not an idea that her niece was adorned with what did not belong to her!

Rose pouted a little, and Christine did not feel quite happy. Later on, in the course of her geography lesson, she put up her hand several times to feel whether or not the pin was there, and her mind wandered so much that she could not bound Naples, and was quite unable to tell the direction of the river Rhone.

Her teacher called her aside at recess to say, "Christine, my dear, if auntie chooses to lend you jewellery, please do not wear it to school again. It diverts your mind too much! And besides, I do not like to see my little pupils dressed like grown-up ladies!"

This was mortifying, and Christine realized that no pleasure is complete which has anything wrong about it. She heartily wished herself at home, and Miss Mabel's pin safe on its cushion again.

Noon came at last, and the girls gathered as usual to eat their dinners, after which they were permitted to have a good romp in the playground before afternoon school began. Christine, for some reason, did not enter very merrily into the noonday games, and she was relieved when, at two o'clock, they were all dismissed for the day, and she could go home. What delight it would be to restore the pin to its place. The silver dove became as heavy as lead as she thought how little she had enjoyed it.

She tripped upstairs, the dove in her hand, expecting to find the room vacant, when Aunt Chara's voice arrested her.

"Be very quiet, darling! Miss Mabel came home with a chill, and now she has headache and fever. Step as softly as you can when you pass her door!"

Miss Mabel's illness continued for several days, during which Christine did not see her, and had no opportunity of replacing the dove. Tucked away under the paper lining in the corner of her bureau drawer, it distressed the poor child night and day. She grew pale and heavy-eyed, could not eat, and had bad dreams.

"How that child mopes!" said Aunt Chara. "There must be malaria about this house!"

It was not malaria, but dread—the dread of discovery, and the pang of having done wrong—which affected Christine's spirits. She was not so much alarmed as relieved to hear Aunt Chara say one day: "Christine, Miss Mabel has lost her beautiful silver lace pin. We are afraid that the washerwoman's daughter stole it. Mabel was thoughtless to leave it on her dressing-case in plain sight."

Christine's eyes filled. "O Aunt Chara!" she cried, "do not blame poor Jennette; blame me. She had nothing to do with it. I—borrowed the pin to wear to school, and I meant to put it back, and I never, never had a chance."

Aunt Chara's face was a study. Relief, surprise, displeasure, were all blended in the expression. But Christine never forgot the horrified tone with which she exclaimed; "You—borrowed—another's jewel! Christine Mavis Alden! What would your mother have said, if she had lived to see this day? Bring the pin here this moment! What shall I say to Miss Mabel? How shall I punish you?"

"She has been punished enough, poor little girl," said Miss Mabel, appearing in the doorway. "Please forgive her, and say no more about it. I think the lesson will last her for all her life."

And so it did.—*Congregationalist.*

PATHETIC INCIDENT.

The following incident, so full of pathos and simplicity, teaches its own lesson of kindness and love for the little ones left fatherless and motherless on the charities of the world. It happened a few weeks ago in a western city, where a poor widow had died, leaving one child, a little lame boy, to the cold charities of the world. After his mother's funeral, the little fellow was taken ill from the combined results of grief and neglect, and it was then evident that he would soon be united to his only friend.

He was left alone much of the day, there being no one who could spare the time to stay with him. It was often noticed that the voices of two persons could be heard in his little room. But when those in charge entered, he would be alone and apparently asleep.

One day they listened, being quite sure that no one was with the child, and they overheard this strange monologue:

"Is you right there, mamma?"

"Yes, my little boy, I is right here."

"Was you went away yet?"

"I wented back to heaven to tell God about my little boy."

"Did you was afraid, mamma?"

"No, my own little boy, 'cause God is nicer'n peoples."

"Did you told Him about me, mamma?"

"I told Him I had a little boy named Harry—an'—an' "——

There was a loud noise of sobbing then, and the listener without cried, too. Presently the child's voice resumed:

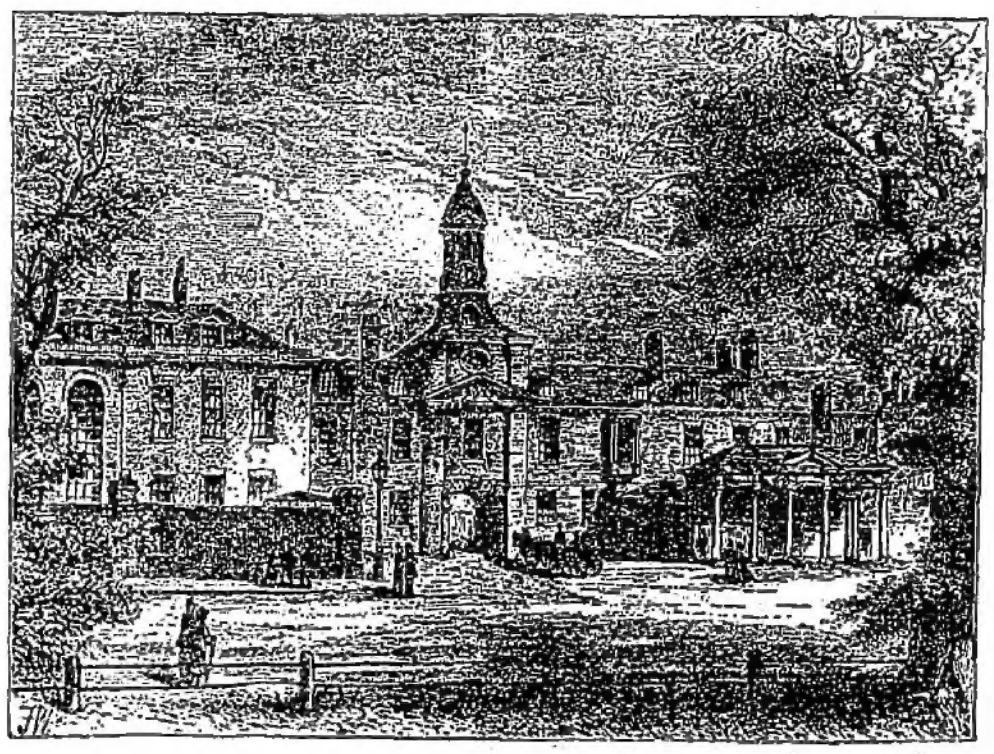
"Did you told God to let me come up there, mamma?"

"Yes, my boy; an' he said, 'Bimeby, bimeby.'"

"Mamma, I'se—so—tired—an'—an'—sleepy—an' I want to come an' stay with—you—and—God."

There was a long silence then, broken by sobs. The listeners went in, after resolving in their hearts to be thereafter very patient with the motherless one.

But the next day he went home to his mother. "Bimeby" had come.—*Youth's Companion.*



THE QUEEN'S BIRTHPLACE : KENSINGTON PALACE—WEST FRONT.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."

CHAPTER I.—CHILDHOOD AND GIRLHOOD.

In a stately room, decorated with antiquated furniture, in the old palace of Kensington, a little new-born babe was laid in her soft white cradle, by her mother's side. She was tenderly welcomed and fondly loved by many; but although she was of the royal family of England, few could have dreamt that the 24th of May, 1819, had ushered in a destiny so brilliant as that which awaited the fair child—"the little May-flower," as her father loved to call her. But that devoted father, the good Duke of Kent, son of a king, and brother of a king, though never himself heir to the throne, appears to have had a presentiment of the splendid future of his only child, from her earliest infancy. He delighted in his baby-daughter—

"And rosy from her mid-day sleep
Would bear her to a lairing kin"—

often saying to his friends, as he held up the blue-eyed, smiling baby, "Look at her well; she will yet be Queen of England!"

Tenderly guarded was the life of that little princess, destined to be of such priceless worth to this country; and yet within her first year she had a narrow escape of serious injury.

When the Duke and Duchess of Kent were staying in Devonshire, a boy who was shooting at sparrows, aimed so carelessly that a shot whizzed through the nursery window, and barely missed striking the Princess Victoria's little head, as yet crowned only with its soft golden hair. Again and again, in after years, when she was wearing the crown of England, she has been preserved from deadly peril at the hands of mad or dastardly men; and she has ever met the danger with the highest courage, showing no fears for herself, but anxiety alone for the safety of those who surrounded her. The King of kings has given his angels charge over her, and faithfully has that charge been kept!

Whilst the little Princess was still in happy unconsciousness of sorrow, a grievous loss befell her. The Duke of Kent, who could never see his child without lingering to play with her, was passing her nursery door, after having been caught in a heavy shower, and unable to resist her baby-charms he spent some time with her, unmindful of the risk he incurred from the chill. This ended in an attack of inflammation of the lungs, and in the following January the infant Princess was left fatherless.

Even in the first grief of her widowhood, the Duchess of Kent remembered that she had still a grand object to live for; to watch over and train the child he had left, for the high position which might possibly await her. The better to fulfil this sacred duty, the Duchess resolved, whatever the sacrifice to her feelings, not to return to her own country, but to make England her home, in order to bring up her royal daughter entirely in her native land. A plain and simple mode of life, early hours, orderly habits, obedience, punctuality, courteous manners to all, kindly consideration for the feelings of others, and perseverance in overcoming difficulties, were daily and hourly inculcated upon the little Princess by her mother; who made it the business of her life to secure the most careful and healthful training for the child of so many hopes. Much of her time was spent in the open air, in the garden or the hayfield; or in the park riding on her donkey, decked with blue ribbons; and the beautiful child, full of gaiety and animation, and returning all salutations, was a centre of interest wherever she went.

The Princess sometimes showed a little self will, and on these occasions would refuse to walk when her ladies wished that she should do so. Then the old soldier, a retainer of the Duke of Kent's, who often led the donkey—proud to attend upon the royal child—would venture to try his powers of persuasion, saying, "Will my princess walk?" And, undeterred by the resolute shake of the little head, he would continue, "It will do my princess so much good; will my princess let me lift her down to run on the nice green grass?" until the small hands were stretched out to the kind old man, and with smiles of relenting, she gave up her will. The Princess never forgot this old soldier; from her childhood she was taught gratefully to consider all those who faithfully served her; a habit which has ever marked the after-life of our gracious Queen.

As the years went on, the little Princess might be seen, dressed in a large straw hat and a white cambric pelisse, playing in the palace garden, herself its fairest flower. When indoors, she flitted like a sunbeam through the long passages and from room to room, still dressed in white, which best became the healthful bloom of her rosy cheeks, white forehead, expressive blue eyes, and stately little head adorned with its fair curls.

Princess Victoria had a fine understanding, a ready wit, and great powers of observation, and the careful education she received developed these good gifts.

The little girl was expected to finish whatever she took in hand, whether in her lessons or at play; and even when scarcely four years old, while playing in a hayfield, she flung down her toy-rake, and was running away in search of fresh amusement, she was bidden to come back and complete the little haycock she had begun.

Another glimpse of the royal child, when she was a happy little guest at Claremont with her devoted uncle, Leopold, King of the Belgians, is given in a recollection of a Sunday service in Esher Church, by a Scottish lady, Miss Jane Porter, who was present, and sitting just opposite to the pew in which were the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, then about six years of age. The day was hot, and a wasp was skimming around the unveiled summer bonnet of the little girl, who, without taking any notice of it, fixed her eyes upon the old clergyman, nor once withdrew them whilst the sermon lasted. In alluding to this circumstance the next day to a friend who had the privilege of being personally intimate with the Duchess of Kent, Miss Porter expressed her wonder that so young a child should be so rivetted in her attention, and the visitor explained that the little Princess was expected by her mother to remember the text and the leading heads of the sermon; adding, "Hence, she saw neither the wasp in front of her, nor heard the whisking of the protective handkerchief behind her, for her whole mind was bound up in her task; a rare faculty of concentration in any individual, therefore more wonderful in one hardly beyond infancy. And, with a most surprising understanding of the subjects, she never fails performing her task in a manner that might grace much older years."

The Princess very early learned economy in managing her own small allowance, and she was never permitted to get into debt. During a visit to Tunbridge Wells, when she was about seven years old, she had spent all her pocket money in a bazaar, in buying presents for her friends; when, just as she left the shop, she remembered another cousin, and saw at the same time a half-crown box, which she felt would be most suitable for a gift for him. The shopkeeper's kind offer to let her take the box and pay for it afterwards was refused; but the proposal to put it aside until she could pay for it was joyfully accepted; and at seven o'clock in the morning of her next "quarter day," the eager child appeared at the shop door on her donkey, to pay for, and carry off, her purchase.

From her earliest childhood she learned the pleasure and duty of giving, and especially of giving to the poor. The Duchess of Kent impressed this on her child's tender mind by the most forcible of all methods, example; and especially the example of her father. When the statue to the memory of the Duke of Kent was erected in Portland Place, the widowed mother took the child to see it, and told her, while she looked at it with reverent, admiring eyes, that her father's likeness was placed there "not merely because he was a prince, but also because he was a good man, and was kind to the poor; adding that he had caused poor little boys and girls to be taught to read and write; and had collected money from good people to help to cure the sick the lame, the deaf and the blind; and did all that he could to make bad people good." The lesson of her father's life, thus impressively given, sank deep into his little daughter's heart; and we are seeing its ripe fruit in her life devoted to the good of her nation, and in her ready and practical sympathy with the sorrows and the sufferings of her people.

(To be continued.)

TALE-BEARING.

Tale-bearing is a despicable habit, and rarely receives the censure it deserves. But Bishop F. D. Huntington, of western New York, in addressing some Syracuse school girls a while ago, on "Talking as a fine art," cut down pretty nearly to the quick of the subject. He said:

I say to you, weighing my own words, that you would be less depraved, less savage, would less disgrace your womanhood, would be less a curse to your kind, and, if God is rightly revealed to us in his Word and his Son, would less offend him by going to see dogs fight in their kennels at the Five Points, or bulls gore horses in Spain, than by putting on your bonnet and gloves and going from house to house in your neighborhood, assailing absent acquaintances, dribbling calumny, sowing suspicion, planting and watering wretchedness, stabbing character, alienating friends by repeating to one the detraction that you "heard" another has spoken. I believe that before the judgment seat of Christ the prize-fighting man will stand no worse than the slanderously gossiping woman.

GRANT that there are 10,000,000 truly evangelical believers in the world with an average income of $500 a year. Let each give one cent a day, and we would have a fund of $36,500,000 a year. The heathen could be evangelized before the end of the century.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands")

CHAPTER I.—*(Continued).*

The lesson of exact truthfulness was also constantly brought before the royal child by her mother, who was herself remarkable for this root of all virtues; and that the child sought carefully to practise it was noted by all around her.

One morning the Duchess, coming into the school-room, asked her governess how the Princess had behaved at her lessons. "Once she was rather troublesome," was the reply; but scarcely was the sentence finished when the little girl gently touched her arm, and said, "No, Lehzen, twice, don't you remember?"

Princess Victoria had been placed under the teaching of Baronness Lehzen, who proved herself a wise and kind governess, and who quickly secured, and ever retained the warm affection of her royal pupil.

A pleasant glimpse of these early days is given in "Passages of a Working Life." "The sun was scarcely high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington's green alleys, and, as I passed along, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then had numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air; the mother looking on her child with eyes of love, the fair soft English face bright with smiles."

A love of nature, and love of life in the open air, which the habits of her childhood implanted in the Princess Victoria's mind, provided her with a simple source of pleasure which has stood her in good stead, when, in later years, her mind has been weary with the cares inseparable from royalty.

By the Duchess of Kent's wise arrangement her daughter was twelve years old before she became aware of the great destiny that might await her. The following letter, written by Baroness Lehzen to our gracious Queen, best describes the remarkable spirit in which this intelligence was received:—

"I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now, for the first time, your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again and said, on seeing the additional papers, 'I never saw that before.'

"'It was not thought necessary that you should, Princess,' I answered.

"'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.'

"'So it is, Madam,' I said.

"After some moments the Princess resumed, 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility!'

"The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good! I understand now why you urged me much to learn even Latin. My cousins, Augusta and Mary, never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learnt it as you wished it; but I understand it all better now!' And the little Princess gave me her hand again, repeating, 'I will be good!'

"I then said, 'But your Aunt Adelaide is still young, and may have children, and of course they would ascend the throne after their father, William IV., and not you, Princess.'

"The Princess answered, 'And if it were so, I should never feel disappointed, for I know by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me, how fond she is of children!'"

After the Princess Victoria had become Queen of England, had married, and was a young mother, in the midst of all the pressure of the business of the State, and the varied duties of domestic life, she is variably found time to write to her old governess every week for many years, and then Her Majesty was only induced to change the plan to once a month by Baroness Lehzen's special request; and this correspondence continued, and was the Baroness's greatest pleasure to the end of her long life.

The Duchess of Kent, as part of the education of her young daughter, sought to give her an acquaintance with various places of interest in the country over which she might be called to reign. They visited several of the great centres of the manufacturing industries, such as Birmingham, Nottingham, and other busy towns. They also went to the ancient University of Oxford, where they had a State entrance, attended by a guard of yeomanry; and the beautiful grey city with its classic buildings appeared in holiday garb to greet the young princess.

At different times they also visited the venerable cathedrals of Worcester and Chester, and were entertained by the Archbishop of York when they attended the musical festival in York Minster.

Sometimes the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were honored guests in such "stately homes of England" as Chatsworth, Eastnor Castle, Eaton Hall, and Alton Towers. At other times they went to various seaside places on the pleasant English coast. The summer of 1831 was spent at Norris Castle, in the neighborhood of Arreton, in the Isle of Wight. In Arreton churchyard is still to be seen the grave of "the Dairyman's Daughter,"—unknown during her humble life, but well known after her death, through the little sketch of her clear faith and joyful departure, written by the Rev. Legh Richmond, Vicar of Brading. A tourist passing by this quiet spot saw a lady and a young girl sitting by that lowly grave; and, pausing for a moment, he heard a few words of that true and simple story read aloud to the elder by the younger; little thinking that he was hearing the voice which should afterwards, with its rich, melodious tones, charm the listening senate of this vast nation!

"I SEE I AM NEARER THE THRONE THAN I THOUGHT."

The Princess Victoria was in her fourteenth year when she went with her mother on a yachting expedition along the Southern Coast. One day a sudden gale sprang up, and the "Esmeralda" flew before it. As the young girl sat on the deck, fearlessly enjoying the exciting scene, a crashing sound was heard; it was the top-mast falling. It was the work of a moment for Saunders, the pilot, to rush towards the Princess, and to lift her into a place of safety, as the mast came thundering down, over the very spot where she had just been sitting. Happy pilot, to have saved that precious life! He was promoted to be master; and in later years it was to him that the honor was entrusted of bringing to the shores of England the young Prince Albert, when he was coming to be the chosen husband of our Sovereign Lady. After the death of Saunders, the widow and children were provided for by the grateful Queen.

At fifteen years of age the Princess Victoria was confirmed in the Chapel Royal at St. James's. The sacred service was witnessed only by the King and Queen, and a few other members of the Royal family. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a solemn and earnest address, placed before the young Princess the manifold duties of her high position. She listened with earnest attention; but presently tears filled her eyes, and leaning her head upon her mother's shoulder, she seemed to seek in the shelter of that mother's love, a support under the weight of the coming responsibilities of a monarch's life.

Shortly after her confirmation, the Princess Victoria, while staying at Tunbridge Wells, happened to hear about a young woman just plunged into the deepest distress and poverty by the sudden death of her husband. The Princess at once decided to give £10 from her own purse, and the Duchess of Kent added the same sum. The charitable aid was of double worth, because the Princess herself was the bearer of the gift, and spoke words of comfort and hope to the heart-stricken widow. Nor was this a mere passing interest; the Princess did not forget the mourner she had befriended, and after she became Queen of England she gave £40 a year to the poor woman for her life.

Thus, in earnest study, in varied and useful employments, and in gentle and generous deeds, the years of childhood and girlhood glided quickly by, and the Princess's seventeenth birthday drew near. It was springtime, and in the gardens round Kensington Palace lilacs and laburnums filled the air with fragrance and beauty, whilst pink and white hawthorns and chestnuts, robed and crowned with their clusters of delicate blossoms, made the surrounding park seem decked for a festival. Preparations were being made to receive some royal guests. The Duchess of Kent had invited her brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, to come and stay with her, and bring his sons, Prince Ernest and Prince Albert. The young cousins—then meeting for the first time—were yet well known to each other through their parents, and to Prince Albert this first sight of his fair cousin was fraught with interest, for the wise and charming old lady, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, his grandmother and hers, who had brought up her grandson from his infancy, dwelt often in the hearing of the young Prince Albert upon her cherished hope of his future union with the little Mayflower of England.

From his early childhood Prince Albert had given promise of the noble character which, in his after life, won for him from the heart of this nation his title of honor "Albert the Good."

"Gentleness and firmness, warmth of feeling and benevolence," were the qualities which distinguished him. "It was only what he thought unjust or dishonest that could make him angry," said a cousin who had been one of the companions of his childhood. "His nature seemed incapable of meanness. Even in his play he was a hero."

The same cousin, Count Arthur Mensdorff, tells that once, when he and his cousins, Ernest and Albert, with some other boys, were, in mimic warfare, storming the ruined tower at The Rosenau, one of the number suggested that it would be easy to take the tower by getting in at the back. But young Albert refused any part in such an enterprise, saying it would be unbecoming a Saxon knight, who should always attack his enemy in the front; and his resolution carried the day.

The brothers were highly educated in classical and in general knowledge, as well as in such accomplishments as music and drawing. They lived much in the open air, and shared with their father in manly exercises and sports. Together the brothers studied natural history, and their collections, made in boyhood, formed the beginning of the excellent "Ernest-Albert" museum in Coburg.

How many tastes and interests the young cousins would have in common, making the pleasant month pass only too quickly away!

"For lightly falls the foot of Time
Which only treads on flowers!"

There were public amusements and ceremonials, such as the king's lever, a dinner at court, a state concert, and the drawing-room on the king's birthday. There were sights to be seen in London, one of which seemed to have exceeded all the others in interest to them—the gathering in St. Paul's Cathedral of all the children of the various charitable schools in London. At this great service the whole of the royal party attended, and to the sermon preached to the children it was noticed that Prince Albert listened most intently.

When at home in Kensington Palace the cousins were learning to know and appreciate each other. Then, the visit over, they parted on most happy terms, although no words had been spoken of definite hopes for the future.

(To be Continued.)

BISHOP BOWMAN, senior bishop of the M. E. Church, says:—

"I have been twice through Maine lately. I was in just such towns where you would most likely find evasions of the prohibitory law—Portland, Bangor, and others. I don't care what the enemies of prohibition say. To my observation, and all that I heard and experienced, temperance in Maine—more than that, prohibition—is a decided success. Drunkenness and rowdyism, with all their attendant disgrace, are nowhere visible."

THERE ARE TIMES when God asks nothing of his children except silence, patience, and tears. He lets them go aside, away from interruption, in order to weep till nature is relieved of the heaviest burden; then he gives "a season of clear shining that cometh after rain."

MRS. BENSON'S TEA-PARTY.

Near the upper end of Grace-street, in a provincial town, stood the mansion of Mrs. Benson, *a lady well known for her kindness* and hospitality. When Mrs. Benson said a kind thing everybody knew she meant it, and a promise made by her was certain of fulfilment.

On the previous Friday, Mrs. Benson's friend and ally, Miss Bright, had taken to every cottage in Atlantic Terrace a printed circular, containing an invitation to the mansion for Monday afternoon, when, after a Bible reading, tea would be provided. It was added, "Everyone who comes will be made welcome"

From previous experience, Mrs. Benson knew that many of the invitations would not be accepted, but she made provision for all, if they chose to come. However, some read the invitation, then forgot all about it until too late to get ready; others never read it, while some said they were much too busy to go.

On the Monday many of those invited found a hearty welcome at Mrs. Benson's. Before they gathered round the tea-table, they engaged in the usual Bible-reading for an hour. The subject that afternoon was part of Matt. vii. 7, 8: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." Mrs. Benson mentioned some of the expressions used in Scripture to describe prayer.

Calling upon God. Crying to Him. Pleading with God. Waiting upon Him.

"These," said Mrs. Benson, "are only a few out of many. But here our Lord compares prayer to knocking at a door—a very expressive figure. Merely saying prayers could not be described as knocking. We don't knock at a door unless we want something. Then, after we have knocked, we expect the door to be opened. Some of you, dear people, had never seen me, and the invitation you received was not in my handwriting, but was a printed one. But you believed it and the testimony of those who had been here before, and you came. You expected I would be waiting for you, and that the door would be opened when you came. And are we not told that our Heavenly Father 'waits to be gracious' (Isaiah xxx. 18), that He watches for us, and even meets us on the way? (Luke xv. 20).

"Then when you came to my house there was a knocker for you to take hold of; at some doors it is a bell; but some means of calling attention is provided by the master or owner of the house. So in prayer, just get firm hold of one of the promises of God, and knock earnestly with that, 'expecting to receive something' and the door will be opened. Here the Holy Spirit is needed to 'help our infirmities.' We have no power to grasp the knocker without Him; we are paralyzed. But if He has moved us to pray He has begun the cure. Our Father will 'give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him,' no matter who or what they are. There is no condition to that promise but asking.

"Speaking of the promises," continued Mrs. Benson, "I don't mean that you are just to dip into your Bibles anywhere, and take the first promise you find. I have read of an excellent woman who took the words, 'Thou shalt have plenty of silver,' in Job xxii. 25, as a promise for herself and the good work she was engaged in; but she often had not plenty of silver, and was sorely troubled when she had to give up some of her work for want of it. Now these words were spoken by one of Job's friends when exhorting him to repent of the great sins of which he had just accused him, so we can scarcely regard them as a promise from God, for we know that some of the things said by these friends were displeasing to God.

"A Christian friend of mine made a similar mistake. She took a promise of the future union of the tribes of Israel to signify that she would be married to the man she was attached to. You smile, but it was so. My friend was looking to God for guidance, and, happening to open her Bible at Ezekiel xxxvii. 17, she took it as a message to herself. She, too, was disappointed. But look carefully for a promise that suits your case. When you can say, 'That must mean me,' then take fast hold of it, and be determined not to lose your hold of the knocker until you get in.

"For instance, you may be in trouble; take Psalm l. 15. 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee,' another unconditional promise. Don't put 'perhaps' in the middle of it. 'I will' means 'I will,' though it may not be in the way you expect. If it is soul trouble—and God alone knows what sore trouble that is—there are scores of promises of deliverance.

"Are we burdened with sin? Take such a word as Isaiah xliii. 25, 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' Look carefully at the preceding verses, and you will see it is addressed to those who have wearied Him with their iniquities, and have even given up praying to Him (verses 22 to 24). But He makes this gracious promise, and only says, 'Put Me in remembrance: let us plead together' (verse 26). So if we plead this promise in the name of Him who died for our sins, it shall be fulfilled—nay, it is fulfilled, for it is in the present tense, 'blotteth.'

"Or is it our weakness we are feeling, that 'we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves?' Then look at such words as these: 'When we were yet without strength in due time Christ died for the ungodly' (Rom. v. 6). 'To them that have no might He increaseth strength' (Isaiah xl. 29); 'My strength is made perfect in weakness' (2 *Cor.* xii. 9).

"Believing these promises, you can say, 'In the Lord have I righteousness and strength' (Is. xlv. 24); 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me' (Phil. iv. 13). Whatever our need may be, there is a full and rich supply in God. 'My God shall supply all your need according to *His riches in glory by Christ Jesus*' (Phil. iv. 19). Believe that 'all' means 'all,' every bit, and don't let the enemy or your own heart limit the promise of God.

"But now the time for our little Bible-reading has expired, and we will adjourn to the tea-table. Just let us all remember when we pray to grasp the knocker and *expect the door to open.*"

After tea, Mrs. Benson's guests returned to their homes, each one receiving a pretty illuminated text card, with the words—

"If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired *of Him*" (*1 John v. 15*).

"Let doubts and fears be banished,
Knock boldly at the door:
It surely will be *opened*,
Then hesitate no more.

Listen no more to feeling,
But look at His sure Word;
Now claim the promised healing
He's waiting to afford.

Lay hold upon the promise,
And never let it go
Until the rich fulfilment
It is your joy to know."

—*Cottager and Artisan.*

ONE-TENTH OF VITAL ENERGY.

If, as it has been defined, temperance means "a moderate use of things helpful and a total abstinence from things hurtful," then our temperance work in the Sunday school will not be done till we have had some things to say about the tobacco habit. It is true that in the Bible the word "tobacco" is not found. Indeed, the poisonous herb itself was not found by civilized man till 1,500 years after the last Bible text was written. Should we have another apolcalypse or supplementary revelation, no doubt there would be important legislation on tobacco. Now we can only learn by inference, and apply the principles laid down in Scripture. It is a filthy habit, and this Word of God may apply: "Lay apart all filthiness," "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness." The text, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still," is not in point except for the world to come, and may suggest the future dwelling-place of him who persists in tobacco using through this life. "It is an offensive habit." As soon would I delight in the odors of a tan-vat as in the breath of a veteran tobacco user, and as soon would I breathe the smoke of burning back-yard rubbish as to take tobacco smoke from the interior of some old stager. If to breathe pure air is not an inalienable right of earthly citizenship, what is? This writer would like to know. What an effrontery that any *genus homo* should take this right away, and how amazing that any one who lays claim to be a gentleman, if not to say a Christian, should so presume by puffing his offensive smoke to pollute the air in public places—places which other men must frequent. If we must be consumers of tobacco smoke, give us the privilege to choose our brand and have first use of the "fragrant." We prefer not to take it second hand. It is offensive. And God's Word may apply in this: "Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God." And let it be remembered that Christ said: "Woe to that man by whom offence cometh." But filthy and offensive are not all that can be said against it. Prof. Palmer, of Michigan University medical faculty, tells his class of students every year that no young man acquires the tobacco habit but at the expense of one-tenth of his vital energy. Hence, tobacco using is personally injurious. It injures the body and the mind. It reduces their efficiency. Hence, tobacco-using is an evil, admitted so by its devotees themselves, and in this may the Word of God apply; "Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good." "Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good." "Abstain from all appearance of evil."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Question Corner.—No. 13.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Of what wood was David's house built?
2. What bark is spoken of in Revelation as among the merchandise of Babylon?
3. To what seed was the manna in the wilderness compared?
4. What vegetable was mentioned as being one of the good things of Egypt for which the Israelites longed?
5. What plant mentioned by Isaiah, does Christ class as one of the crops of which tithe was paid?
6. What valuable commodity besides ivory was imported into Tyre by the men of Dedan?
7. Of what wood were the musical instruments of David made?
8. What besides the barley of the Egyptians was damaged by the plague of hail?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Moses. Acts. 7 23, 30. Deut. 8: 2.
2. Aaron. Lev. 10: 9.
3. Balaam. 2 Peter 2: 15.
4. Deborah. Jud. 4: 4.
5. Barak Jud 4: 10.
6. Samuel. 1 Sam. 9: 15.

PLEASED AND SURPRISED.

TACOMA, W.T., June 23rd.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept my grateful thanks for the "prize" you sent me, which came to hand after some delay caused by changing address, passing customs, &c. I was not only pleased but surprised as I had given up looking for one. I am in a far country but shall think no less of the *Northern Messenger*, and shall try hard to send you a long list of subscribers next time.

Yours respectfully,
ELLENA HARRIS.

Tacoma, W.T.

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